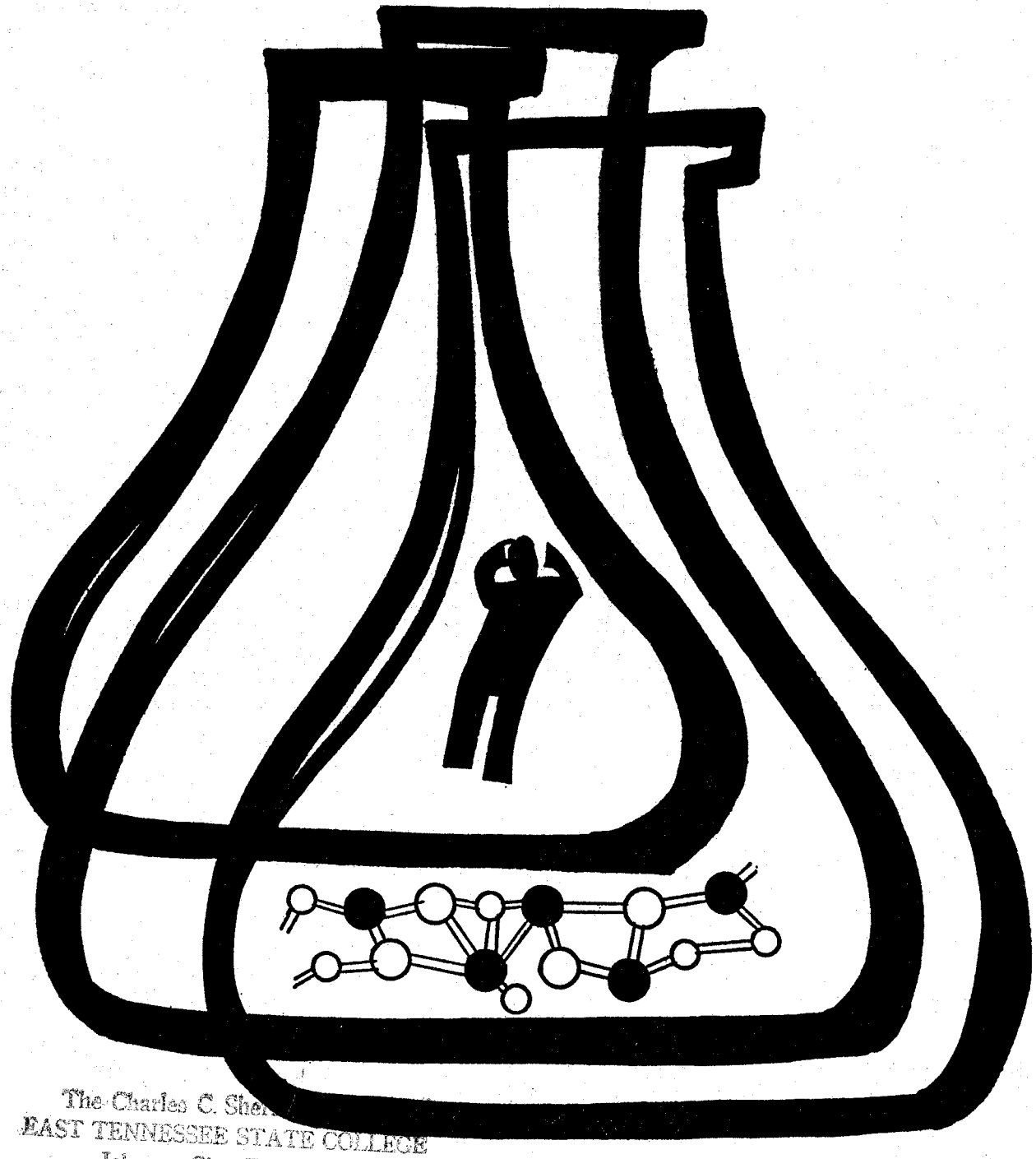
THE
NATION

APRIL 20, 1957 . . 25c



The Charles C. Sher
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

MOLECULES and MENTAL ILLNESS

New Era in Medical Research . . *by Gene Marine*

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A Letter Smuggled Out of Chile

The following is a reproduction of a letter received from The Nation's *Latin American correspondent, Claudio Veliz of Santiago, Chile. Mr. Veliz was foreign editor of* Ultima Hora, *Santiago daily, and the director of the South American News Distribution Association, an English-language news service with headquarters in the Chilean capital. The letter is addressed to Carey McWilliams,* The Nation's *editor.*

See also editorial on opposite page for some of the background to recent events in Chile.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS DISTRIBUTION ASSOCIATION

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CABLES: "SANDANEWS"

Santiago, April 3rd, 1957.

Dear Mr. McWilliams,

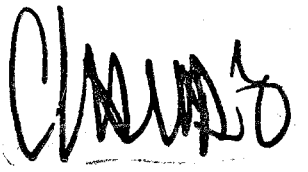
please forgive extreme haste. I am writing this note from a friends house where I am hiding from police. Last night, police and troops attacked our newspaper offices, destroyed our linotypes and rotaries and demolished all other equipment. Three of our men were shot and a dozen are injured seriously. Troubles started last week with a raise in public transport fares decreed by the government. This was an extremely unpopular move and student riots followed. Police repression of these was so brutal and ill-advised that indignation increased instead of diminishing. Monday night a young medicine student(girl, 22 years old) was shot dead by a trigger happy cop who managed to place five carbine bullets in her pelvis. When this was published next day in the morning papers, the crowds ran wild. Students staged a march through the downtown area while thousand of onlookers encouraged themfrom office buildings and roof tops. In the afternoon, the shooting started. The mob attacked the cops with stones and sticks and they answered with heavy fire. The battle lasted two hours. Score: eighteen civilians dead and 276 injured.

Last night (3:30 AM) a police detachment armed with machine guns and supported by troops attacked Ultima Hora. (our Monday evening edition had been pretty frank about what was going on) They shot three of our technicians - one of them will probably die this afternoon and they proceeded to destroy all of our equipment including the typewriters. Now arrest warrants are out for the staff.

I am sorry this is so jumbled up. Please try and give us a hand with a short editorial note. The death of Ultima Hora means that the only independent, non-communist paper in Chile is dead. A great victory for general Ibañez.

This letter has a slim chance of getting through. I am giving it to a friend in the post office who thinks he can manage it. The city is under martial law and I can't cable.

Saludos from your friend,



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VOLUME 184, NUMBER 16
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The World Will Watch

The letter reproduced on the opposite page tells its own dramatic story. *The Nation* has since received another communication from Santiago, this one unsigned, which makes several additional significant points. On the very day police and soldiers destroyed the equipment of the Horizon Publishing Company, which houses the *Ultima Hora* offices, the newspaper was scheduled to print an appeal by the Chilean Popular Front, a coalition of left-wing parties, *calling on students and workers to cease their violent demonstrations against the government*. The paper's editors and the Popular Front leaders feared that continuation of the demonstrations would play into the hands of government *agents provocateurs* and bring about savage retaliation (it must give the editors little satisfaction, now, to know how right they were). Furthermore, by destroying the Horizon equipment, the Ibanez government has crushed the entire opposition left-wing press with one blow. The magazines *Golpe, Vistazo* and *Entretelones,* as well as the newspapers *El Espectador* and *El Siglo,* were all printed on the Horizon presses. With the exception of the Communist *El Siglo*, these were non-Communist, independent publications.

Within ten days, then, the Chilean government could credit itself with the following accomplishments: eighteen civilians shot dead, 276 injured, six opposition newspapers destroyed, twenty-eight journalists arrested and scores more in hiding, and the rest of the country's press and radio placed under strait-jacket censorship. Not content with this, the government is now seeking—and considering the right-wing nature of the Chilean parliament, is likely to get—emergency powers which will place Chile as firmly in the hands of President Ibanez as Spain ever was in the hands of Franco.

President Ibanez is an old hand at this kind of game. In 1938, as leader of the Chilean Nazi party, he engineered a Nazi coup d'état which was subsequently repudiated by the Chilean people at the polls. He was elected president in 1952 with the help of the Agrarian Labor Party, an offspring of the country's pre-war Nazi party.

The world will hold President Ibanez and his regime directly responsible for what happens to Claudio Veliz and his colleagues of *Ultima Hora.* In this, the American press can play an important role, as it did in the ultimate rehabilitation of another great South American newspaper, *La Prensa,* which had been shut down by Peron.

Nasser Holds the Aces

Washington

The United States has failed to cajole Egypt into a satisfactory Suez settlement. In the latest round of Washington-Cairo negotiations, we have been trying to persuade Egyptian President Nasser to share responsibility with the Canal's users in four fields: fixing the tolls; giving the Canal's operational rules the character of an international agreement rather than that of Egyptian dicta; impartial arbitration of disputes; accumulation of an ample fund for widening and deepening the waterway.

With some reason, Nasser suspects that the users would in time turn cooperation into domination. So he has been intent throughout to impress on the world that Egypt is in charge and means to keep things that way. Since we rejected a solution by armed force, we and the other users appear almost ready to give a reluctant yes to Nasser's terms.

Yes, but, that is. Led by the United States, the principal users are preparing three methods to insure against Nasser's abuse of his power over the Canal. First, the Western governments will urge shippers to throttle their Suez traffic. Second, plans will be pressed for building alternative pipeline routes. Third, the users will vastly enlarge the number of super-tankers.

Unfortunately for the West, each of these means of minimizing the Canal's importance suffers from defects. Thus:

1. It's all very well for France to urge a boycott of the Suez waterway, as she has been doing. But which oil companies or other traders can afford to choose the long route around the Cape if their competitors take the Suez short-cut?

2. Two pipelines are envisaged. One would extend across Israel from Elath to Haifa; the French are far advanced in their plans to finance and help build it. A serious weakness of the project is the refusal of all Arab oil-producing countries to supply petroleum to

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Israel. The only other effective source is Iran. But the Iranians, while ready to provide enough for Israel's small domestic needs, are unwilling to ship oil to Israel for re-export. This alone is enough to wreck the idea of a trans-Israel pipeline as an alternative to Suez. Furthermore, the State Department regards the plan as a provocation to the Arabs.

The other and incomparably more ambitious plan envisages a pipeline from the Mosul and Kirkuk fields of Iraq across Turkey to the Turkish Mediterranean port of Iskenderun. If enough capital could be mobilized, pipeline forks would be laid to Kuwait and Iran. However, Iraq has been opposing it. It would put the Iraqi at the mercy of their relatively strong Turkish neighbor. And by condemning to insignificance the present Iraqi pipeline through Syria, it would arouse the bitter enmity of Damascus.

The international oil companies, interested in the plan, do not take Iraq's refusal as final. But even among the big oil concerns, opinion is divided. Cost of constructing the Iraq-Turkey pipeline with branches to Iran and Kuwait would probably exceed $500,000,000. The petroleum firms regard the Turks as fairly reliable. They would insist on international treaties guaranteeing their rights and investments in this venture. Yet they know that the lines would be vulnerable in war.

3. The vulnerability of pipelines is one reason why the interested governments and oil giants are inclining more and more to super-tankers. Some of these might be sunk in war, but others would get through. With some 45,000,000 deadweight tons of tankers afloat, almost 30,000,000 tons are on order. Others are continuing to be placed at an average rate of about 2,000,000 tons a month. The snag in this program, and another temporary stroke of luck for Nasser, is that a tanker ordered in the United States today will be delivered only three years from now, while the lag in European shipyards is four years (see Suez: The Indispensable Ditch, *The Nation*, March 23).

The Suez Canal users' answer to the Egyptian dictator will probably be a combination of all three methods: curtailment of Suez traffic; new pipelines; vast new armadas of tankers of 65,000 tons each, or more. Thanks to its grip on the Canal, Egypt nevertheless seems assured of a key position in the world's economy at least for several years ahead.

This Man Should Go

Robert Morris should resign as counsel for the Senate Internal Security Committee. But should he fail to resign—he appears to be quite without shame—the committee should dismiss him. And if the committee does not recognize the necessity for his removal, the Senate should act. Apologies for his behavior will not suffice. Robert Morris should not be associated with any phase of the government of the United States. (See Harold Greer's article, p. 339 of this issue.)

The Logic of Peace

The British White Paper on Defense is a refreshing document. In a single bold statement, the MacMillan government has announced important cuts in military manpower, a drastic switch to atomic-missile defense, curtailment of global garrisons, the ending of conscription and the banishment of battleships. The conclusions follow quite logically from the premise that there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the whole country against the consequences of nuclear attack; hence the over-riding consideration must be to prevent war rather than to prepare for it. The impact of the report stems not from the conclusions, radical as they are, but from Britain's decision to restore the rule of logic in public policy—a shocking notion to statesmen who have been governed by the blind illogic of fear for over a decade.

Throughout the cold-war years, Western military planning—and general strategy—have been dictated by the logic of a revolutionary military technology. The new weapons have made us their prisoners. As each new "ultimate weapon" has been projected—A-bomb, H-

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bomb, guided missile—negotiations have been suspended until the latest series of the latests tests could be staged, regardless of the dangers or the consequences. Each test, like each innovation, has simply added to the existing tensions. Today we stand on the threshold of the era of guided missiles and the same fantasy-ridden minds are assuring us that over-all strategy and world policy must be determined by the technology of the latest "ultimate weapon." But beyond the missile another phase already looms: the contest to control outer space. There is no end to the process. For what Washington knows today, Moscow will know tomorrow. Neither side can hope to triumph in the technological encounter nor to control the process itself. Hence the folly of permitting a logic-of-weapon to replace a logic-of-peace. Sooner or later other European powers will join Britain's revolt against the nightmare illogic of the cold war and, eventually we, too, will be driven to acknowledge that the new weapons should not dictate policy. The shape of things to come in the weapon field must remain, of course, an important phase of strategic planning, but it cannot be the prime determinant.

New Program for Foreign Aid

The new program on foreign aid outlined in Mr. Dulles' statement on April 8 has two conspicuous merits. The Administration now proposes to establish a special development fund, sufficient for several years, so that it will not be necessary to keep returning to Congress for additional authorizations. Of greater significance is the proposal to sharpen the distinction between military and economic assistance by making military aid part of the regular Department of Defense budget, where it properly belongs. A recent Senate report on The Military Assistance Program calls attention to the widespread belief of program administrators that requests for economic aid run the risk of being regarded by Congress as "giveaways" and the like, whereas it is always easier to get Congress to appropriate funds for military purposes ("placing arms in the hands of allies to meet a common threat is a policy of such patent self-interest . . . that there is apt to be less confusion over motives"). But the surprisingly favorable reception accorded the remodeled program would indicate that Congress, like the public, appreciates candor in such matters. If the Administration wants a foreign economic-aid program it should ask for it; there is no point in asking for tanks when you want tractors or requesting tractors when you really mean tanks. If the new program meets with Congressional approval, the Administration should adopt the principle of "collective bargaining" in extending aid —an important component of a sound policy. But already, as Mr. W. H. Davis pointed out in our issue of April 6, the foreign-aid picture is beginning to come into clearer focus.

The Red-Eyed Censors

In that sub-moral Murk where the red-eyed Censors live, nothing ever changes. There is no light, no progress, no thought. There are only words—dirty words. And dirty words are bad. A letter from the publisher of City Lights Books in San Francisco tells us:

> . . . the U.S. Customs in San Francisco has just seized the Second Edition of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl and Other Poems,* Pocket Poets Series No. 4. It was on its way to us from our British printer, Villiers Press.
>
> According to the *San Francisco Chronicle,* it was seized by Customs Inspector Chester McPhee with the statement that it is "obscene" and "not fit for children," an interesting statement considering the recent Michigan decision. This official evidently considers himself not within the jurisdiction of the United States.
>
> . . . I intend to fight the case in the courts.

Now *The Nation's* review of this book (Feb. 23, 1957) did not give it unqualified praise. Nevertheless, the review said that the poet "has brought a terrible psychological reality to the surface with enough originality to blast American verse a hair's-breadth forward." Granting that the poems exploit the "vocabulary of obscenity," enough other poets and critics have testified to the serious purpose of this writer—whatever his success—to take his work out of the class of deliberate pornography. Mr. Ginsberg's book contains an introduction by a distinguished elder poet, William Carlos Williams. It has been printed by a reputable press with a special interest in unconventional but genuine new poetry. It is not the place of customs or police officials to determine the moral bearings of such work.

Competition in Truce-Breaking

Washington

President Syngman Rhee of South Korea is the man who made that shocking speech before a joint session of the House and Senate here on July 28, 1954. On that occasion he proposed that we end the Korean armistice, go to war against Red China and hope for Soviet intervention. Such intervention, he explained, would justify the American air force in destroying Soviet centers of production.

It is timely to recall the speech. For the Eisenhower Administration is considering a strengthening of South Korea's twenty divisions as well as the two American divisions still stationed there. Certain State Department officials, to their credit, have been questioning the wisdom of the proposal.

Beyond doubt the Communists in North Korea have imported hundreds of jet aircraft and built airfields in violation of the truce. The Communists, in turn, have accused the United Nations Command—under U.S. leadership— of 556 truce infringements, of which we

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have admitted forty-five—mostly encroachments on their air space.

Almost unnoticed, Syngman Rhee's defense minister, Yong Woo Kim, came to Washington at the end of March for confidential talks with Defense Secretary Charles Wilson, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Admiral Radford and the secretaries of our Army, Navy and Air Force. He was especially interested in obtaining tactical atomic artillery and possibly guided missiles. As elsewhere, the atomic artillery and missiles would remain in possession of American troops, but we could train South Koreans in their use.

Washington seems to have laid the groundwork for this development about a year ago. At that time, because the Communists were denying adequate inspection facilities to the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission, we banned the commission—or rather its Czech and Polish members—from travel South of the armistice line. The four-nation group, including Swiss and Swedes, has since been confined to the demilitarized zone.

Some allied diplomats in Washington, like a handful of men in the State Department, question the plan to re-equip the South Korean forces. They argue that such action would lower the moral position of the U.N. and the United States vis-a-vis truce violations. Moreover, they doubt that nuclear weapons and more modern jet aircraft for South Korea offer real strategic advantages. They point to the U.S.-South Korean alliance, which would bring great American air power, now based on Japan and Okinawa, into action against a renewed attack from the North. Finally, the doubters suggest that the massing of ultra-modern weapons in South Korea would tend to rekindle Syngman Rhee's impatience for World War III.

MOLECULES and MENTAL ILLNESS . . *by Gene Marine*

Pasadena

DR. LINUS PAULING, already a Nobel Prize winner in chemistry, in 1956 was awarded the John Phillips Medal by the American College of Physicians and Surgeons for distinguished contribution to the field of medicine. This is an honor which can be bestowed upon a chemist who is not even a physician only if his contribution is truly outstanding. In this case, the story of the award is the story of one of the most significant shifts in the study of medicine in generations.

A few months ago, the Ford Foundation gave Dr. Pauling $450,000 for a five-year study of the chemical bases of mental disease. Shortly thereafter, I came here to the California Institute of Technology, where Dr. Pauling is carrying out his researches, to get the story on "the chemistry of mental illness." I got it—and with it, the story of a revolution in medical research of which the study of mental disease is only a small, if vital corner.

This story begins with a kind of anemia called "sickle-cell anemia" because the red blood cells in the arteries "sickle"—that is, they assume long, rigid shapes. As with certain other diseases, it had always been assumed that sickle-cell anemia was due to a faulty cell structure. In a chance conversation, Pauling hit upon a different idea. Suppose, he said, that the building is put together well enough, but that something is wrong with some of the bricks *in* the building: specifically, the molecules of hemoglobin, the ingredient of the red blood cell that carries oxygen through the bloodstream.

To explain further, let's go back a bit. We know that any given molecule is not simply an aggregation of atoms; the atoms have to be put together in a certain way. So molecules can be said, in a sense, to have a "shape" ("shape" makes the difference, for instance, between otherwise identical water and ice). When, around 1930, some scientists were wondering how the body forms antibodies to fight a disease, they hit upon the notion that the antibody's "shape" interlocks with that of the invader's. Pauling himself, in 1940, developed a detailed theory of the exact way in which this formation of a "complementary" molecule might take place.

The premise that some molecules can be complementary to others in structure is now so widely accepted that it is taught in freshman biology courses (where it is often called the "lock-and-key" mechanism), and it has had many applications in biochemistry. Pauling's theory was that, in sickle-cell anemia, the molecules of hemoglobin might be "misshapen" in such a way that they become complementary to *each other;* you might say, just for illustration, that the "top" of one such molecule interlocks with the "bottom" of another. Thus they form the long, rigid, "sickle" shape, and literally force the cell walls to conform. Experiments at Caltech proved the conjecture correct, and in fact several abnormal hemoglobins have now been found, leading to identification of several diseases not previously known to be separate disorders.

The startlingly new part of all this was in the idea of a *molecular disease*—disease in which the source of the trouble is that one particular kind of molecule, out of the hundreds of thousands of varieties in the human body, might be "defective."

This is a tricky notion. A molecule of water, for instance, contains two hydrogen atoms and one oxygen atom. Take away the oxygen atom, and put in its place, say, an atom of sulphur, and you don't get

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a "defective" water molecule; you get a perfectly good molecule of hydrogen sulphide. But a hemoglobin molecule has not three atoms, but perhaps ten thousand. You can change one or more atoms in each molecule, and still get a substance that continues to act like hemoglobin—most of the time. Perhaps the only difference may be that one hemoglobin "sickles" and other hemoglobins don't. And that difference, of course, is enough to make a molecular disease.

In a sense, since every substance in the body is made up of molecules, every disease is molecular. In another sense, too, because genes are themselves molecules (of deoxyribosenucleic acid, in case anyone asks you), any hereditary disease must be molecular, because it proceeds through a gene which is somehow doing a faulty job. But the term "molecular disease" is reserved by Pauling to mean any disease which can be traced directly to a "faulty" or "defective" type of molecule among the thousands in the diseased individual's makeup.

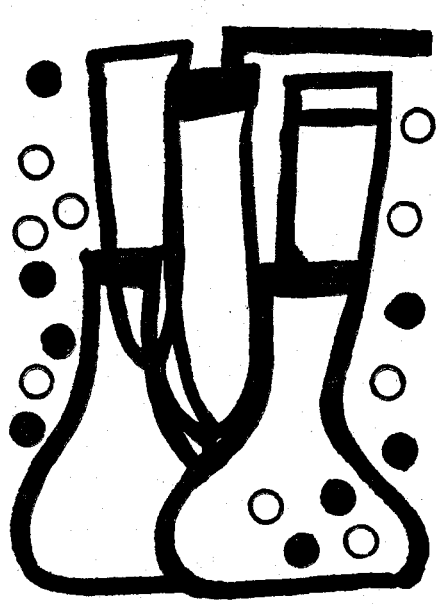
THE impact of this idea on the form and direction of medical research has been phenomenal. At Berkeley, a University of California scientist is already seeking a possible molecular basis for some types of virus-caused cancer. Across the country and around the world, other researchers pursue other goals with a new enthusiasm. Top chemists, at home in the world of molecular structure that is so new to many doctors, can work creatively and unfettered on medical problems, free from the supervision of strictly medical scientists who often suffer from shaky backgrounds in chemistry.

With the concept of molecular disease established, medical research is now passing from empirical methods to a truly scientific approach in which discoveries can be the result of logic. Until now, most major medical discoveries have been found by accident (e. g., penicillin), by checking "relatives" of a known substance (e.g. aureomycin, found by checking mould substances after the accidental discovery of penicillin), or by tediously trying everything on the shelf in the blind hope that something will work (e. g., salvarsan, used in treating syphilis). When something *is* found, we usually don't know *how* it does what it does; among recent discoveries, the sulfa drugs are the only highly tentative exception.

But the idea of tracing down the "faults" in molecules in a diseased person makes it possible to foresee a situation in which the researcher plots, on a drawing board as it were, a "complementary" molecule that will work to fight an illness, and thus to build logically a specific agent to combat a specific disease. This difference in approach, alone, is enough to constitute a revolution in medical research.

When a colleague of Pauling's left Caltech recently, he took the hemoglobin research with him by arrangement, and Pauling cast about for another study. "I must confess," he told me, "that I am not the perfectly pure scientist. To me, human hemoglobin has always seemed more interesting and more important than horse hemoglobin." Consequently, wanting to continue with the molecular-disease work, be elected to turn to a major human medical problem; for a variety of reasons, he chose mental illness and other mental difficulties.

In my conversations with Dr. Pauling, we fell naturally into the use of the term "mental disease" to cover a broad field subdivided into the two parts: "mental illness"—the type of mental disease with which psychiatry is chiefly concerned, at least in the public mind—and "mental deficiency," or what most people inaccurately call feeble-mindedness. Pauling's Ford Foundation grant was for the study of "mental disease, including mental deficiency," and it is among the mentally deficient that he feels his first work will come. Specifically, he and his staff of fifteen or so will take a look at a condition called phenylketonuria.



AMONG the many substances that play vital roles in the body is one called phenylalanine. In the liver, this chemical is changed to another substance, tyrosine. An enzyme (a protein that helps chemical reactions to take place) in the liver makes this change possible—an enzyme, incidentally, that has never been specifically identified. If the change does not take place, the body winds up with fifteen to forty times too much phenylalanine, and not enough tyrosine. Concomitantly, you have an I. Q. of about twenty, and a condition called phenylpyruvic oligophrenia, or phenylketonuria. Phenylketonurics make up about 1 per cent of the mentally deficient population of mental institutions.

One of two things seems to be wrong with the phenylketonuric: the enzyme in the liver isn't there, or it isn't doing its job. Either way, the trouble is probably molecular.

By accident, it was found that ferric chloride turns the urine of phenylketonurics green, even when the victim is only a month old or so. If babies are caught this young, they can be placed on a diet free of phenylalanine, and they will apparently develop normally. This idea is to be tested on a large scale; if it works out, the means are there to cut the population in hospitals for the mentally deficient by 1 in 100.

But that would be only a by-product of research, however desirable. It provides neither a molecular understanding of the disease nor a logical remedy; it doesn't tell us, either, why an excess of phenylalanine should affect the brain. For that, detailed knowledge must be

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gained of the molecular structure of the substances involved. Should that be accomplished, Pauling predicts the possibility—fantastic as it may sound, even to scientists—of making, artificially, a catalyst that will replace the one that doesn't work in the liver. The artificial catalyst could be introduced into the body, perhaps in an arterial tube, and throughout the subject's life the phenylalanine will be changed to tyrosine the way it's supposed to.

Phenylketonuria is only one possibility for research along these lines. There is galactosemia, for instance, in which the body is unable to handle the substance galatose, though it has no trouble with glucose (the difference being in a single carbon atom). There is gargoylism, in which the patients take on the appearance of medieval architectural gargoyles. There are other diseases. But phenylketonuria will receive the first attack; in studying it, procedures will be set up and a strong foundation laid for the budding science of molecular-disease research.

RESULTS WON'T turn up in next week's headlines. Remember that every atom in a molecule has to be just right. The difference between phenylalanine and tyrosine (and therefore between "normality" and mental deficiency) is an atom of oxygen. Insulin, one of the simplest proteins, has two thousand atoms in each molecule; hemoglobin has ten thousand; some of the disease-producing viruses have ten million. It's like looking for a broken fingernail among the population of New York City. But this kind of problem has been licked before, and it can be done again.

So far, so good. But what about mental *illness*—schizophrenia, paranoia, and so on? Where do the molecules fit into these familiar and tragic ailments, if they do? Don't ask a psychoanalyst; it can be dangerous. Just about a year ago, Dr. Pauling spoke before the American Psychiatric Association, whose membership is heavily weighted with analysts. Characteristically, he came to the point in his opening words:

> I am sure that most mental disease is chemical in origin, and that the chemical abnormalities involved are usually the result of abnormalities in the genetic constitution of the individual.

This did not go over big. Pauling was kept at the lectern, answering angry or incredulous challenges from the floor; but he clung steadfastly to the contention that "the root of the matter" might as logically be molecules as mother love. Some of the psychoanalysts reacted to Pauling as if he were a logical positivist at a backwoods Baptist revival. (Later, an amusing sidelight came when a prominent analyst, following Pauling on the platform, suggested to his colleagues a probable motivation for their own disturbed reaction: fear.)

"But if everyone talks so glibly of psychosomatic medicine," Pauling smiled to me, "why do they get so excited if someone suggests somatopsychic medicine?" To pin the point down, I asked specifically whether he thought molecular research would eventually replace the present emphasis on Oedipus and toilet training—whether, in other words, physical science would actually *replace* psychoanalysis and some other psychiatric methods. "Oh, yes, certainly," he said without hesitation; but he added immediately that this was a long time off.

Any "fear" that psychoanalysts might feel in the face of Pauling's assertions is not for loss of function (or income), but for loss of faith.

Certainly, whether or not the whole field can be reduced to a study in molecular structure, there is new emphasis on the physical in the study of mental aberrations. Few psychiatrists, even, would endorse the flat statement made by one of their colleagues recently in the *New Republic*. "The answer to mental illness can never be biochemical, pharmacological or physiological." (The author later backtracked under challenge.) Many psychiatrists agree that the physical study of mental illness might ultimately make the adjective "mental" completely superfluous.

Pauling's is not the only path being pursued. Recent work in communication has prompted a burst of studies of the communication processes in the body; a neuropsychiatrist, Amedeo Marrazzi, wrote recently—that "restriction of communication in the brain . . can produce mental disease," and went on to note that this restriction can be "brought about by an abnormal accumulation of, or abnormal sensitivity to, some natural substance in the body, such as serotonin." Serotonin is a substance related to adrenalin; the connections to Pauling's work are obvious, though the approach is completely different.

Injection of a substance from the blood of schizophrenics into the blood of "normal" volunteers produces schizophrenic behavior. The inhalation of fumes from a drug does likewise (as does the ingestion of mescaline, subject of a recent book by Aldous Huxley). The "tranquillizers" are familiar by now to all of us. An excess of an enzyme called ceruloplasmin—an excess familiar in some types of physical disease (including some cancers) and in pregnancy—has now been found to be a condition in many mental patients as well. All of these findings, presented here in only bare outline, dramatize physical, *chemical* differences between the mentally ill and the rest of us.

The coming of the new medicine—medicine based on detailed knowledge of the structure of the molecules in human protein—gives an entirely new dimension to the problem. Other approaches cannot be neglected, of course, so long as they offer even a possibility of aid. But molecular medicine has already revolutionized research in dozens of fields, and in mental disease as elsewhere it is science's best hope for a new freedom from the accidental and haphazard gropings of more familiar methods.

"There can be," said Dr. Ralph Gerard of the University of Michigan, "no twisted thought without a twisted molecule." This uncompromising statement has been loudly and vigorously challenged; but molecular medicine has come close to miracles already, and no one who has ever talked with Linus Pauling is likely to bet against its future.

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DEATH of a DIPLOMAT . . *by Harold Greer*

Washington

AROUND 9 A.M. on April 4, the Canadian Ambassador to Egypt, Egerton Herbert Norman, told his wife he was going for a walk. He went to a modern building some blocks away and stopped off at the apartment of his friend, Swedish Minister Brynolf Eng. Eng was not at home and Norman proceeded to the roof where, after some minutes of pacing the parapet, he carefully removed his watch and spectacles and took three steps backward into space. Notes found on his body, and statements by the Canadian embassy and the Canadian government, all attested to a state of extreme depression brought on by overwork and a sense of persecution resulting from the revival, during the preceding weeks, of charges of Communist association against him by the U.S. Senate Internal Security subcommittee.

Canadian reaction was immediate and violent. Opposition members of parliament screamed Norman was "murdered by slander." Robert Morris, the subcommittee's counsel, was burned in effigy on the University of Toronto campus. The United Church of Canada called on President Eisenhower to stop his politicians from "assassinating the character of innocent men." Secretary of State Dulles was moved to take the unusual diplomatic step of expressing regret and condolences. The Canadian government defended Norman's record but generally sought to quiet the storm; "let's not make an international incident of this," cautioned External Affairs Minister L. B. Pearson. Press reports warning that Pearson may be next on the subcommittee's list were surprisingly attacked by Prime Minister St. Laurent as "smear" stories.

The reason for Ottawa's worry is not hard to find. No impartial examination of the history of the Norman affair can help but conclude that the conduct of Robert Morris and of the subcommittee's principal member, Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana, constitutes a monumental national insult to Canada and a fatal smearing of Herbert Norman personally. The Canadian government knows this, but it feels that life must nevertheless go on; it also knows that if Canadian opinion were appraised of the facts, life could not go on—that at the very least Ottawa would be forced to withdraw its ambassador to the United States.

One must go to the weird cult language of the Soviet political trials to find a legal analogy for the case against Herbert Norman. Never once, in all the years leading up to his suicide, did Morris or Jenner produce a bill of particulars which any duly constituted body, no matter how quasi-judicial, could entertain. With one exception, nothing exists in the public record of the subcommittee of an incriminating nature against Norman other than what has been put there by either Morris or Jenner through their own insinuations and innuendoes. Witnesses who failed to provide the right answers to direct questions have found themselves listening to Morris and Jenner read statements into the record. Neither, however, has ever admitted, or will admit, that he was "investigating" Norman; to this day it is not clear on paper just what Morris and Jenner were trying to prove.

The original charge arose out of testimony by Dr. Karl August Wittfogel, self-styled former German Communist and Chinese history researcher at Columbia University, during the subcommittee's investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1951. Wittfogel said Norman was a member of a Communist study group run by one Moses Finkelstein and that he was "obviously" a Communist at that time. The time and place was left obscure, but the original version, according to Morris, was Cape Cod in 1939. Finkelstein, who became Moses Finley, and a lecturer at Rutgers University, subsequently testified that he had never met or heard of Norman.

Wittfogel's allegation has since gone through various murky changes because Norman, in the only public comment he ever made on the controversy, replied that he had never been in Cape Cod in his life. His foreign-service sheet also shows he joined Canada's Department of External Affairs in Tokyo in July of 1939. The version which Morris generally favors is that Norman was a

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4 STAR FINAL

More Canadians Face U.S. Smear

AIM AT PEARSON

This is how Canada's largest daily played the Norman case.

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member of Wittfogel's study group at Columbia University in 1938, although latterly Harvard and 1937 have been mentioned. Norman studied at the University of Toronto, Trinity College, Cambridge, and for three years on a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship at the Harvard-Yenching Institute. He was never a student at Columbia, but he did spend a year at the Institute of Pacific Relations after leaving Harvard.

WITTFOGEL'S charge was encouraged by testimony of Major General Charles Willoughby, MacArthur's chief of intelligence in Japan, who subsequently retired to Franco Spain. Willoughby knew Norman as chief of the Canadian liaison mission to SCAP from 1946 to 1950; he also knew that Norman, widely respected as an authority on Japan, was a leader among diplomats who distrusted MacArthur and his empire-builders—and particularly Willoughby, whose intelligence estimates concerning Chinese Communist intervention in Korea were responsible for the disastrous failure of MacArthur's "Home by Christmas" drive on the Yalu. Willoughby's organization investigated Norman, turned up the usual guilt-by-association information; the lunatic China First fringe of the U.S. right-wing believes to this day that Canada, i.e. Norman, played a large part in MacArthur's eventual dismissal.

Wittfogel's allegation was angrily rejected by Canada at the time, and Foreign Minister Pearson hotly asked the State Department to inform Morris and Jenner to stop smearing Canadian officials across the front page. Pearson asked that if Canadian names came up at the hearings, they should be transmitted through diplomatic channels and Canada would do its own investigating. The subcommittee replied by leaking closed-session testimony that a Communist espionage courier had received secret information from two Canadian officials of high rank. It was clear from the story that one of the officials was supposed to be Norman; the courier was subsequently identified as Elizabeth Bentley.

The atmosphere of suspicion around Norman was further deepened by the Canadian government's heavy-handed handling of his defense. Norman himself was a babe-in-the-woods against Morris and Jenner. A shy, sensitive, aloof man, given to Oriental scholarship—he would make his own translations of Japanese texts to be sure of their accuracy—he had a disdain for the world of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee which amounted to a fatal naivety. His first reaction to its charges was to laugh at and ignore them; then, after preparing a detailed statement in his defense, he accepted his superiors' suggestion that he let the Canadian government handle it. The External Affairs Department proceeded to treat the charges as old hat by revealing that it had received such reports after Norman had joined the foreign service, had investigated them thoroughly, and had given him a "clean bill of health." Such expressions of confidence in Norman, as well as "rejection" of the charges abound through the official statements, but nowhere in them is there a specific statement that Norman was not and never had been a Communist. Indeed, the department asked the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to question Norman again with a view to publishing its report; the interview took place but the report was never released.

THE truth of the matter was that Norman, during his student days, was quite Marxist in his thinking. He was never a member of the Communist Party, but his intellectualism led him into discussion groups in which the Communists were interested; one paper he prepared for such discussion was entitled "American Imperialism." It also seems clear—although the point has never been officially established—that the Communists were sufficiently interested in him to have his name in the little black notebook which was used as evidence in Canada's 1946 Soviet spy trials. The notebook belonged to Israel Halperin, one of the arrested—but acquitted—spy suspects, and contained the names of 150 Canadian, 163 American and five British residents. Although one of the entries read "Klaus Fuchs—ours," most of the names were innocent enough and the contents of the notebook were never divulged during the spy trials. The FBI and British intelligence were informed, however, for investigative purposes.

Morris and Jenner therefore knew of Norman's leftist associations at college. They also knew—such was the power of McCarthyism at the time—something about American executive agency reports on the Soviet espionage information supplied to the FBI by Canada. At a closed subcommittee hearing last March 12, Morris read from such a report (almost certainly obtained from Scott McLeod's office in the State Department). The published transcript said it "indicated that Dr. E. Herbert Norman had been recalled from Japan when his government discovered certain Communist connections, specifically with Israel Halperin." (This is a gross distortion of what happened; Norman was asked about, and disposed of, the Halperin matter, but he was never called home about it.) The transcript, however, shows a most significant interjection at this point by counsel Morris: "You will remember, Senator Jenner, when you tried to have Gouzenko testify, that the Canadian authorities would not let you ask any questions whatever about anyone who was a Canadian personality."

Senator Jenner might well remember, because his 1953 attempts to question Igor Gouzenko, the cipher clerk who fled the Soviet embassy in Ottawa to disclose the Communist spy network, revealed beyond reasonable doubt that the attack on Norman was simply a stepping stone to an attack on Lester Pearson himself. Those attempts were touched off by a most providential interview with Gouzenko by the Chicago *Tribune* stating that Gouzenko felt a meeting with the subcommittee would be worthwhile. They were preceded, however, by a long buildup of press leaks of Elizabeth Bentley's 1951 testimony in which it was revealed that the other "high Canadian official" who gave her information was Pearson when he was minister in the Canadian embassy at Washington during the war. And

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they were attended by a parade of anti-Pearson editorials ("the most dangerous man outside Russia today!" said the Washington *Times-Herald*) and sinister speeches by such anti-Red professionals as Victor Lasky, co-author of *Seeds of Treason,* who stumped American Legion posts in New York State relating Bentley's fantasy and accusing Pearson of "consistently sabotaging U.S. efforts to unravel the skein of Soviet intrigue in Washington and Ottawa."

In the end, Jenner got his interview with Gouzenko, but in Canada, in private and with the Chief Justice of Ontario in control. It was so dreadfully dull and unproductive that it was a full year before he got around to having the transcript printed as a Senate document. Meanwhile, the power of the witch-hunters ebbed with the retreating tide of the McCarthy era. Counsel Morris found it expedient to accept appointment to municipal court in New York City; when he returned to Washington last year, he could get no better than a cloak-room off the rotunda in the Senate Office Building in which to jam four desks, assistants and himself. Last autumn, the Canadian government returned Norman—who had been sent to New Zealand as high commissioner early in 1953—to usefulness by appointing him to Cairo, with accreditation to Lebanon.

On his first visit to Beirut, Norman called socially on John K. Emmerson, counsellor at the American embassy, and an old friend in Japan. Somehow Morris heard about it. Emmerson's name had come up at the subcommittee's I.P.R. hearings and was one of the "four Johns"—John Carter Vincent, John Stewart Service, John Paton Davies and John K. Emmerson—who were supposed to have tried to turn China over to the Communists during the war. For some reason, Emmerson had never been questioned by the subcommittee; Morris lost no time in correcting the omission. A hearing was arranged with two officers from McLeod's office present and on the understanding—indeed, an explicit promise from Jenner—that the evidence would not be made public. It was published two days later. Morris claimed the decision was taken unanimously by all nine members of the subcommittee; in fact, the subcommittee never voted on it. It was done by circular, with seven of the Senators—absent at the hearing—simply following the Senate's practice of letting the chairman decide. The only other committee member besides Jenner who knew what was in the transcript was Arthur Watkins of Utah, who said subsequently that he had first checked with the State Department to see if "clearance" had been given and was told that it had.

Lester Pearson

Emmerson said nothing unfavorable to Norman in any respect. But his admission that he worked with Norman in Japan was sufficient pretext for Morris to read a "security report" on Norman into the record alleging, *inter alia*: Wittfogel's old 1951 charge; the Halperin charge that he was secretary of the "American Friends of the Chinese People" and executive secretary of "The Canadian Friends of the Chinese People" (both Communist organizations, according to Morris); that he was identified in February of 1940 as a member of the Communist Party, and that one of the witnesses at his wedding in 1935 was a man active in Communist underground in Ottawa. "It goes on with quite a bit more about Herbert Norman," said counsel Morris . . . "we have quite a few security reports which have a great deal of information to the effect that he is a Communist, that he was involved. . . ."

The State Department quickly disowned Morris and disassociated itself from his charges, but Canada insisted on depositing a formal protest. Morris claimed he had never heard of Canada's angry rejection of these same charges in 1951, indicated he couldn't care less (the subcommittee's staff organization was nevertheless capable of producing, for staff use, photostats of wire service despatches of Pearson's statement on Norman's suicide). On March 21, Morris had Emmerson back again, purportedly to correct the record of the first hearing; the session was important only in that it enabled Morris to announce his understanding that the State Department had asked the FBI for its information on Norman, "and apparently the FBI information does confirm the security report that we put in the record." The transcript of this second meeting was published despite a personal appeal to Senator James Eastland, committee chairman, from Undersecretary of State Christian Herter.

AFTER Norman ended his life, State Department officials took the view that since the department had no control over, or responsibility for, Morris and the subcommittee, it could hardly apologize for them. Morris wanted no apologies; he issued a statement in the names of Eastland and Jenner—Watkins refused to sign it—which claimed the subcommittee had been hearing "testimony about Communist activity in the United States," that "evidence" had been received "indicating certain foreign nationals" have engaged in such activity, and that "we would not be living up to our obligations of presenting a record to the Senate" if references to such nationals were "deleted." The subcommittee would carry on, Morris declared, "because it is our duty to do so." When Morris was asked by a reporter who the next "victim" was to be, he just grinned stupidly.

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FAILURE OF A HATE MISSION

by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely

A SOUTHERN segregation leader shakes his head ruefully and confides: "When John Kasper crossed the Mason-Dixon line, it set the cause of white supremacy back twenty years."

Yet white (Protestant) supremacy was precisely what the tall young zealot from New Jersey, via Washington, D.C., came down to sell the South. Of course, it was a luxury it already had plenty of, but with a true pitchman's optimism he was confident he could whet the appetite for more. He used all the right words: "mongrelization," "opposed to placing the fair white bodies of our children in the schools beside niggers," "Communist agitation," "blood will flow in the streets," "we will have to have our martyr . . . the federal government means death to all of us." Why, then, has his career been meteoric? Why, after only seven months (from August 1956 until March 1957), during which he is credited with organizing, practically single-handed, one riot, several branches of his Seaboard Citizens' Councils, and many cross-burnings, has he been so suddenly dropped?

The itinerary of Mr. Kasper's travels may indicate the foundation of both his failure and success in refurbishing old prejudices for new crises. More important, it may reveal some changing realities about the current situation in the South.

After brief scouting trips into Delaware and Maryland, John Kasper began the more public phase of his career with forays into Virginia, using his Washington bookshop as home base. When Charlottesville, in the summer of 1956, was ordered to desegregate its schools during the coming term, Kasper really went to work. Your reporters first encountered the resistance to his "supersell" in Charlottesville in mid-August. A pro-segregation leader sat on the lawn of the old county courthouse there and told us, early in the soft summer morning, of the lawyers, businessmen, professional men, who were members of his organization, the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Liberties. "We're the home of Thomas Jefferson and we're proud of that. We're the home of the University of Virginia and we have a gentleman's reputation, you know. Nobody can make us desegregate the schools in Charlottesville, but we're going to fight this tyranny with law. Over last week-end this Seaboard Citizens' Council group appeared here, a fellow named Kasper from out of Washington with a lot of hand-bills and a mass meeting. They had a talk with the mayor and police chief, but they didn't get any encouragement from our officials. They passed out this inflammatory material, white girls kissing niggers, all that sort of thing—we don't want any part of that."

A few days later Kasper added a last touch to his Virginia sales campaign: he and a handful of friends broke up an interracial church meeting of the Charlottesville chapter of the Virginia Council on Human Relations. A cross was subsequently burned on the lawn of a widely respected Council leader, Sarah Patton Boyle (*The Nation*, September 15, 1956).

BY NOW, word reached the traveling salesman that new territory was opening up. At Clinton, Tennessee, twelve Negro children had been ordered admitted to a white high school with some 800 students. On Tuesday, August 28, three days after John Kasper's arrival in Clinton, we sat in the Clinton courtroom and studied him—the narrow face, the slouchy clothes, his contrived disdain of the lawyers and his frequent and searching looks into the audience. These were hard, desperate, work-bitten people in the courtroom, shrewd and yet with a kind of innocence which left them gullible to any medicine-man. Essentially rural, they look with suspicion on urban devices for coping with difficult situations. As the mystery writers say, "had we but known" that within a few days Clinton would be a new word in the growing vocabulary of desegregation history, we would have looked with greater alarm on this young fellow who was so obviously an opportunist, a second-rate go-getter whose incentive was not so much money as fame. "We need all the rabble rousers we can get. We want trouble and we want it everywhere. We need a band of roving patriots. A collapse of law and order is near at hand." Yet in the town of Clinton, the handful of leaders—from school principal to lawyer to editor to preacher to mayor—who held firm in a shifting quagmire, had finally brought failure even here, at the site of his greatest triumph, to Kasper's sales campaign.

WHEN Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins, in his inaugural speech on January 8, 1957, said that the Supreme Court was the highest tribunal in the land (although, he added, schools in Florida would not integrate in the forseeable future), a few segregationists felt that their cause had been struck a body blow. John Kasper thought he sensed another soft spot in the South's solid front for segregation. "Looks like Collins is trying to out-nigger Chandler of Kentucky and Clement of Tennessee." He arrived in Florida's watermelon-growing belt and began hawking race—and now, stronger than ever, religious—hate. In Miami an attempted cross-burning, reports of a dynamite cache waiting for "John's" signal, and bitter denunciation of the Jews, aroused the state to action. "Damn all race-mixers . . . Roose, Harry & Ike . . . alien, unclean, unchristian . . . hang the nine swine." Kasper was summoned to Tallahassee and questioned by a legislative committee. At the hearing, and in a series of well-timed newspaper articles in the *Miami Herald*, accounts of the friendship

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between Kasper and certain Negroes during his Greenwich Village bookshop days reached even his strongest supporters. Suddenly he saw his customers melting away. The Citizens' Council of Clinton, Tennessee, which Kasper had formed, was dissolved. Even his staunch sidekick, "Ace" Carter of Birmingham, said, "That will about fix Kasper in the South." Said a former dragon of the Florida Ku Klux Klan who is now a private detective in Tampa: "We have had enough. . . . To encourage a race riot or to start a revolution is worse than integration."

ACTUALLY, it had already become popular to be against Kasper in most of the South. "Why does Kasper talk that way?" many puzzled Southerners asked. "He's smart, educated, went to Columbia University. He's had advantages. How can he believe all those things?" The answer is, obviously, that he does not believe many of the statements he makes. He "talks that way" because he thinks that is what the South wants to hear. In New York and Washington he had formed a stereotype of the South so strong in his mind that he hardly recognized the reality when it faced him—and rejected him.

And this brings us to two facts which seem to emerge from John Kasper's failure—whether temporary or final—as a traveling salesman of the old fire-eating white supremacy. The first is inability of many people outside the region to really comprehend that the old stereotypes are fading in the South. In Arthur Miller's memorable play, *Death of a Salesman*, Willie Loman was battered to defeat because he could not adapt his old techniques of personal salesmanship to a more streamlined impersonal era. What John Kasper found in Virginia was the "respectable" Old South which wanted to keep its reputation clean, and in Florida the Chamber of Commerce New South which wanted to keep its coffers full. He could comprehend or cope with neither. Clinton lies in between; it fits the stereotype just enough to mislead Kasper and others—both within and outside the South—into thinking the days of Vardaman and Bilbo still exist and that the unashamed yokel-racist reigns supreme. Certainly he still exists—Mississippi boasts Eastland as well as P. D. East—but he no longer reigns. Lynching is old-fashioned and the country-club crowd does not relish talk of blood in the streets when an economic boycott will be just as effective. Although many Northerners do not seem to realize it, Tobacco Road and Main Street have heard of Madison Avenue. There is a "new sell" on in the South.

THE majority of Southerners have come to see themselves in a new light, and this is fact number two which is borne out by Kasper's adventures. "We're a pure 'public relations' mentality now in most of Florida," a resident told us a few weeks before John Kasper's arrival. "The majority of us don't want anything to do with the KKK and we're even suspicious of the White Citizens' Councils. Their agitation might hurt property values or disturb business. Oh, there are a few councils scattered around, mostly in North Florida, but they haven't got a real grip because we're just too busy making money and we're too damned set on being respectable."

From Virginia to Florida, the image the New South has managed to sell itself is that of genteel lawlessness. In South Carolina, where the councils flourish, one man told us: "I think some of the councils are perfectly sincere when they say they do not advocate violence. They think they can get what they want without it." Time and again, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, you hear these contradictory words: "We won't obey the Supreme Court—but we're going to do what we have to legally." An astute politician in Arkansas told us recently: "To me, the worst thing about that Southern Manifesto was the fact that it gave official sanction and hope to the poor devils down here who really believe there's some legal way to defy the Constitution as interpreted by our highest court!"

Herman Talmadge has discarded Old Gene's galluses, although he still wears the same pants, and in Alabama, council leader Sam Englehardt, Jr., state legislator who has adapted the grey-flannel techniques, has far outstripped, both in influence and membership, "Ace" Carter's overalls-and-bluejean approach. ("They don't build a Federal government big enough," "Ace" has said, "to integrate my daughter with niggers . . . we'll settle it like white men ought to settle it.") And when John Kasper holds up the mirror to this non-conforming conformity, and reminds white supremacists of what they must do when their legalities fail, they slap him down in fear and anger. When it also develops that the stranger they momentarily trusted has flagrantly violated those social taboos the South observes most rigidly, at least on the surface, chagrin is added to deep unease—and bitter denunciation provides the easiest catharsis.

"Ace" Carter has taken an inventory of Kasper's salesmanship: "If we have a fire in our house—and in some ways you can say we are having a fire in the South—we are interested in saving our families. There are some who just like to see a fire and who might help throw the furniture out. I believe John Kasper is more like that. . . . Some people like excitement and to be in the public eye. . . . I told Kasper we didn't want him back in Alabama."

AFTER Kasper's attack on the Jews, it is possible that some white Southerners turned on him out of a deep subconscious guilt: steeped in Hebrew legend and history by generations of Baptist and Methodist preachers, the question must arise within them: "How can Jesus of Nazareth be my Savior unless, in some inscrutable way—and the ways of the Lord *are* mysterious—he is also my social equal?" Southerners are gradually growing up; always an intensely patriotic people, their enthusiasm for Kasper cooled when they learned of his close friendship with Ezra Pound, the anti-Semitic poet indicted for treason. Who knows? In a few more years Southern white Christians may come to realize that it would be impossible for Martin Luther King, Jr., to show them the path to justice and peace—to save their souls—unless

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he were also their equal socially.

John Kasper had an old and popular product—but he forgot that this is an age of packaging. His successor to the Southern Territory may not be so naive—he may wrap white supremacy in triple-foil to keep it fresh and shiny, and double the sales. That is why it is imperative that people of good will, on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line, try to comprehend as clearly as possible the realities of the New South. Lincoln said: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, we must think anew, and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

France: TERROR ON TRIAL . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

DESPITE the genuine warmth with which the Queen of England has been received here, there is considerable and widespread doubt about the political significance of the visit. The newspapers talked about the *Entente Cordiale;* but entente about what? Entente vis-a-vis America? Certainly not. A belated celebration of Suez solidarity? The less said the better. A non-existent unity about the Common Market? British support for Mollet's policy in North Africa? Again, hardly—despite Ambassador Gladwyn Jebb's declared sympathy for Mollet's and Lacoste's war. The visit is taken by French politicians as no more than a pleasant interlude; now that it is over, they will have to get back to the awkward facts of the French internal and international situation.

Guy Mollet is still at the head of the government, and has been since January, 1956—longer than any other French premier of the Fourth Republic. His stock in Parliament has slumped heavily as a result of the last confidence vote, when practically the whole of the Right—highly critical of his financial policy—abstained, and he scraped through with a bare majority of thirty-three. Yet the self-confidence of the man seems unimpaired.

Self-righteous, rather humorless (the only well-known joke he is ever known to have made is: "The Communists are not on the Left, they are in the East"), he can, nevertheless, snap back effectively in a debate, and never hesitates to charge his opponents with inconsistency, forgetting his own inconsistencies like his assurances in December, 1955, that his party, if returned to power, would put an end to "this senseless, ruinous and murderous [Algerian] war." But he has come to symbolize *le bon Français* almost as much as does the "Clemenceau of Algeria," Robert Lacoste, and there is no doubt at all that, throughout last year, a tough Algerian policy, as well as the Suez policy, enjoyed the widest support of French public and parliamentary opinion.

Three important facts played in favor of the tough Algerian policy: there are more than a million Frenchmen (though most of them not of French descent) in Algeria; a kind of irrational French hatred of the Algerians (which is shared by the Paris working-class, who have a lot of Algerian laborers amongst them), and the knowledge that, as distinct from Indo-China, there could not possibly be a Dien Bien Phu. Algeria, whatever the cost, *could* be held.

Further, since Suez there has been more and more propaganda to the effect that "France's future is in the Sahara." This is no longer meant, as it was a year ago, as a wisecrack, but as a major economic reality, thanks to which France may in the near future become independent of Middle East oil.

Isn't then peace in Algeria a necessary prelude to all these spectacular developments? So one would think, and a large part of French Big Business is genuinely anxious, it seems, that some sort of settlement should be reached. And yet, Mollet and Lacoste (and behind them fanatical anti-Arabs like Soustelle) are in no hurry. At the National Assembly in March, Mollet kept on reiterating that he was sticking as firmly as ever to the "*Intentions*" he had proclaimed on January 9, before the U.N. Assembly discussed Algeria; but while he talked a lot about "equal rights" and decentralization, the operative phrase in all these woolly statements of "intentions" was:

> But what France intends to keep in respect of Algeria and its local and territorial representative bodies is essentially *a permanent power of arbitration* which would see to it that the rights of all Algerians should be respected, and that *neither of the two communities could oppress the other.*

How all this is to be done in practice still remains extremely vague. As Mendès-France and others have repeated over and over, the real trouble in Algeria is that, during the last year, the French have done all they possibly could to antagonize the Moslems, and that if "mutual trust" might conceivably have been developed a year ago it's infinitely more difficult now. And the Algerian rebels, for their part, are no longer in a mood to listen to counsels of moderation coming from men like Bourguiba and the Sultan of Morocco.

So the *impasse* remains, for the present, complete; and although men like Mendès-France say that France's financial troubles will before long necessitate either a sort of "financial capitulation" in Algeria or else the establishment of a war economy in France, Mollet still maintains, in Coué-like fashion, that France is "getting better and better every day."

But there is one point which has lately been giving Mollet a serious headache: the tortures in Algeria and the atrocities committed there by French troops. The fact that atrocities on a large scale were committed

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by the police in Algeria for many years past was, of course, well-known. Mauriac had sounded the alarm in *l'Express* over a year ago; before that, Bourdet had written an article on "The Algerian Gestapo," and it was known that many of the Algiers *policiers* had worked with the Germans during the occupation of France and learned a good many tricks from the original Nazi Gestapo. There had also been French tortures in Tunisia in 1952, and in Morocco in 1953.

But lately the evidence had been accumulating at an alarming rate. The French cardinals and archbishops came out with a strong statement clearly alluding to "certain methods which were intolerable and incompatible with human dignity, even if used in a good cause." Left-wing Catholic groups, like *Esprit* and *Témoignage Chrétien*, were even more outspoken. *Esprit* argued that it had tried to keep silent about the whole revolting business for a long time, because (so it seemed) the French Government was at last ready to make a serious effort at a settlement; but since Mollet and Lacoste were going on as before, it decided, in its April issue, to break the silence, and to publish a first-hand account on the tortures in Algeria: the bath-tub torture, the electric gadgets, the torn-out fingernails, etc.

From this, as from masses of other evidence, it appeared quite clear that not only the police but also certain army units, especially the famous *paras* (paratroopers), were engaged in this extreme form of terrorism. M. P. H. Simon, a highly respected left-wing Catholic scholar, published a few weeks ago a small book called *Contre la torture*, in which he produced some pretty terrifying evidence of what was going on. As for the conduct of certain army units, the most damaging report was the great serial published in *L'Express*—a paper close to Mendès-France—by its editor, J. J. Servan-Schreiber, who had served in Algeria as a lieutenant between July and January last and who, on his return, was determined to spill the beans by describing the manner in which certain French soldiers thought nothing of "bumping off a Wog" when the mood struck them.

Another Dreyfus Case? I have heard the phrase often used these days in the sense that France is faced with the choice between Reasons of State and the Sanctity of the Human Person (even that of a "Wog"). Is France to respect human rights conscientiously in Algeria, even if it weakens her military position there? Or must Reasons of State prevail? The fact that the abandonment of torture might *strengthen* France's position in Algeria somehow hasn't occurred to many people.

THE FACT remains that Mollet is deeply embarrassed. But his response at the National Assembly was strange all the same. He resorted to chest-beating tactics, saying that this whole agitation was calculated to besmirch the honor of the French army and discredit France in the eyes of the world. But the outcry became so strong in papers like *Le Monde*, *L'Express*, *France-Observateur* and others, and the Catholic Church and the legal profession in France were so rattled, that a considerable number of ministers in the Mollet government thought it essential to do something. True, a parliamentary committee of inquiry under a M. Provo had recently visited Algeria, and had brought a report which, beyond saying that "unorthodox methods" had occasionally been used in the exceptional conditions prevailing, implicitly whitewashed the Algerian administration.

But this Provo Report had satisfied nobody, and now, at the Cabinet meeting which opened on April 3, a stormy discussion broke out between the "liberals" and the "diehards." Mollet, though leaning heavily to the Right, acted as arbiter. Lacoste was dead against a committee of inquiry with unlimited powers of investigation; this, he said, would, in itself, imply an insult to the army. What was, therefore, finally agreed upon was a committee "for the defense of human rights," whose members would be appointed by Mollet himself and whose terms of reference and freedom of movement would be largely dependent on M. Lacoste! At the moment it does not look as though this committee could do anything. I hope I'm wrong.

There is an extreme Nationalist wing inside the Mollet government, and it is not wholly out of sympathy with that new Extreme Right which has been causing disturbances in the Champs-Elysées and smashing the windows of the *Express* office and shouting slogans of violent abuse at Mendès-France and Mauriac. These people, though nominally hostile to Lacoste, and, on the face of it, more in sympathy with men like General Joseph Faure who was locked up in January for allegedly planning a Fascist *putsch* in Algiers, are, in fact, supporting Mollet who so far has done very little to interfere with their acts of violence. Time will show whether these people are the vanguard of a new French fascism—an almost racialist anti-Arab fascism—for whose leadership Marshal Juin, Soustelle and a few others are the principal candidates.

For the present the Algerian *impasse* is complete, and despite frequent remarks to the effect that "something must be done before the next U.N. Assembly," nothing is being done. And the "Dreyfus Case?" The Algerian tortures are one of the most extraordinary test cases of recent years, but all I can say is that if the intellectuals are in a state of agitation, the general public is showing a singular indifference. A serious student of French history was saying the other day to me: "After all, there were perhaps 200,000 people in the whole of France who were excited about the Dreyfus case; the others couldn't have cared less." "All the same," I said, "it had some pretty spectacular results in the end." "Sure," he replied, "but most of our people actively dislike Algerians, and it doesn't take long to remind them that Algerians have cut the throats of hundreds of French women an children. And we are living in a beastly age. The Germans, the Russians—probably the British in Kenya and Cyprus, too—have practiced, or are practicing, torture; so most people are pretty *blasé* about the whole thing." All the same, it's a fascinating riddle: Is *la vérité en marche*, or isn't it? Nothing could be more revealing about the French national character in the year 1957 than the answer to that question.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Many Keys to Steinbeck

STEINBECK AND HIS CRITICS. Edited by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. and C. V. Wicker. University of New Mexico Press. 310 pp. $6.

THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV. By John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. 188 pp. $3.

David Ray

THOUGH they promise "a panorama of critical approaches," E. W. Tedlock, Jr. and C. V. Wicker of the University of New Mexico, ignoring John Steinbeck's repeated indictment of critics as useless, have presented a ponderously respectable anthology that has done Steinbeck the honor of treating his works, not as stories and novels, but as philosophical dissertations and morality plays. Steinbeck once wrote: "One thing we are prone to forget is that the critic is primarily a writer himself and that his first interest lies in his own career . . .He is prone to warp his piece in favor of his own cleverness. The critic is nearly always a creative writer or wants to be . . .Poor things, nobody reviews them." He called their work "valueless as advice or castigation." The volume at hand will probably not alter his opinion of critical activity. Nevertheless, it includes curious and provocative data and opinions.

Peter Lisca, whose doctoral thesis dominates the volume, has dredged up interesting biographical details: Steinbeck was not permitted to enroll in a playwriting class at Stanford, *Tortilla Flat* was turned down by eleven publishers (although editor Louis Kronenberger of Knopf surmised in his rejection letter that "the man has a future"). We also learn that Steinbeck once employed the pseudonym of Amnesia Glasscock, that the executive who paid $4,000 for the movie rights of *Tortilla Flat* was fired for doing so, and that *The Grapes of Wrath* was considered by many to be Jewish as well as Communist propaganda.

Other essays describe his "non-teleological" thinking and his philosophic debts to Hume, Rousseau, Comte and Emerson. A Catholic critic attacks his acceptance of animal morality in nature. The patriotic approach is also well represented. F. L. Carpenter, in a typical effort to assure the continuity of American literature, informs us that Steinbeck has always been trying to depict "the development of the American dream," with its "historic pattern of conquest, idealization and frustration." Steinbeck's characters are reduced to pawns in the elaboration of the American dream.

Lincoln R. Gibbs and Freeman Champney compare Steinbeck's fictional treatment of the California agrarian situation (in *The Grapes of Wrath* and *In Dubious Battle*) with Carey McWilliams' writings. Champney remembers that when *The Grapes of Wrath* and McWilliams' *Factories in the Field* appeared, "it looked as if nothing could avert an all-out battle between revolution and fascism in California's great valleys. Conditions were intolerable . . . and both sides seemed ready and eager to fight it out. But the war raised food prices, created a labor shortage, and brought badly-needed industrial ballast to the California economy." As a description of what occurred, Mr. Champney's account is probable and perhaps valid. However, he concludes with an optimism which may seem strange to many readers: "This blind dynamic of American growth—this refusal to harden into a static shape—is one of the great and hopeful things about this country."

The liveliest piece in the book is also its most unpretentious. Martin Shockley, in "The Reception of *The Grapes of Wrath* in Oklahoma," recalls the days of Westbrook Pegler's indignation about the book's vile language, the editorial in *Collier's* charging Communist propaganda, an actual bookburning in St. Louis, and a speech in Congress against the "dirty, lying, filthy manuscript." An Oklahoma congressman shouted, "For myself, for my dad and my mother, whose hair is silvery in the service of building the state of Oklahoma, I say to you, and to every honest, square-minded reader in America, that the painting Steinbeck made in his book is a lie, a black, infernal creation of a twisted, distorted mind."

Although the critics have taught us that Steinbeck writes on three levels, thinks "non-teleologically," derives his philosophy from the most authoritative sources, confuses people with animals, elaborates the American dream, and is devoted to ecology, they do not provide us with any serious evaluation of Steinbeck as novelist or dramatist. Furthermore, the few insights available in the volume are, unfortunately, derived from critics who are not themselves represented, notably Edmund Wilson, Maxwell Geismar and Harry T. Moore.

Steinbeck was permitted to read this book before it went to press. He commented, "It is interesting that so many critics, instead of making observations, are led to bring charges." Later, in a telegram answering a query, he referred to his forthcoming novel as "an attempt at satire called *The Short Reign of Pippin IV.*"

KING PIPPIN's history, as a story, is rather slight. It relates an attempt to remedy the French Republic's instability by restoring the monarchy with an obscure descendant of Charlemagne, an amateur astronomer named Pippin. When he decides to be kingly rather than a mere figurehead, Pippin realizes that "the time for kings is past," something we may have suspected in the first place. He goes back home, leaving us with the conclusion that the people want a patsy, not a leader, and insist on remaining devoted to unstable republics. Perhaps the comparison the publishers make to

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Candide was too much in Steinbeck's mind as he wrote *Pippin IV*, for the style is remarkably like a translation from Voltaire, or more accurately, reads as if it were written to make a translation into Voltaire's French an easy job.

Nevertheless, reading Steinbeck's "attempt at satire," after an anthology of criticism about his work, is to go from dullness to coruscation, from death to life. Within the limited framework of Pippin's circular career from bourgeois to king and back again, Steinbeck has brilliantly, if briefly, lacerated French and American society and politics. When Pippin is made king he is advised that his first "official act should be to request a subsidy for his government from America for the purpose of making France strong against Communism, and an equal subsidy from the Communist nations in the interest of world peace." He also has the benefit of counsel from his daughter's boy friend, a progressive jazz fan. The boy's father, who had gone from rags to riches in the chicken industry, "never blamed President Hoover for the loss of his grocery store, but he could never forgive President Roosevelt for having fed him." Pippin is also advised to turn over the details of the executive office to one of the great advertising agencies.

WRITING of Pippin's daughter, Clotilde, Steinbeck indicates how he might have satirized the efforts of the above-mentioned critics:

> It cannot be denied that Clotilde had led a rather unusual existence. When, at fifteen, she wrote the best-selling novel, *Adieu Ma Vie*, she was sought out and courted by the most celebrated and complex minds of our times. She was acclaimed by the Reductionists, the Resurrectionists, the Protonists, the Non-Existentialists, and the Quantumists, while the very nature of her book set hundreds of psychoanalysts clamoring to sift her unconscious.

The book makes us want to see his promised big work in progress, and we are reminded that Hemingway didn't fulfill the predictions of doom after *Across the River*. *Pippin IV* occupies a similar position in the work of a major writer.

The Liberal Against Himself

THE CASE FOR MODERN MAN. By Charles Frankel. Harper & Bros. 240 pp. $3.50.

Gene Marine

IN THE mid-thirties liberalism could boast the unity of victory. The "Communist question" in the United States was in its proper perspective; the Left was in agreement as to goals and, to a large extent, as to means as well. Even the vocabulary of liberalism was free of the shadings and outright distortions which now make conversation on the Left all but impossible.

Today is no such happy time. A number of people still calling themselves "liberals" share little but the label. Liberals, by definition, have always been in the minority; a liberal, in Mr. Frankel's phrase, is one "predisposed to reform," and hence to change. The attack from conservatism, though it has waxed and waned, has always been there; the problem of today's liberal is that he is simultaneously under attack from other liberals.

Of course the very nature of a liberal movement is that it shall encompass a number of viewpoints. Yet, as Mr. Frankel points out,

> Liberal thinkers have nevertheless tended to focus on certain themes, to emphasize certain methods, and to aim at certain broad intellectual and cultural objectives.

Liberalism is, in fact, a distinct social movement, traceable from Voltaire and Condoret through Russell and Dewey. For these two hundred years it has survived and retained its health; but not until today has it been so seriously disrupted from within.

> On the level of fundamental principles [Frankel writes], everything in liberalism seems to be in solution; on the level of practical program everything is fixed. On one side, none of the old answers is accepted; on the other, no new questions are being asked. No coherent framework pulls problems together; no exciting vision suggests new goals that might be sought. Liberalism is riding with events.

But why? What happened to the "coherent framework" and the "exciting vision?" Have they crinkled to bitter

GENE MARINE is The Nation's *West Coast correspondent.*

On Equality: Two Voices

Change, even when necessary and just,
Is still cause to remember: What once
Held people together is to be dissolved
And new definitions are to be made.

But even beyond any nostalgia,
Or the principle of inconstancy,
The right to be equal is demanded
And to be granted in all its glories of hallelujah.

The story of the boycott
To be philosophical is that
We simply
Took from Gandhi
What he read years ago
In a book by Thoreau.

It is beyond supposition
That in our principled position
We stood
For brotherhood
And proclaim on this occasion
We exist equally with the Caucasian.

The struggle, it is hoped, could result in more
Than unrestricted seats to a girlie show
And the triumphant car, colored and lethal,
And houses like buxom matrons festooned with pasted rhinestones.

The major point is that we must meet
The mind that will be able to grasp
That in the earning of freedom
We undergo a new, self-slavery.

RICHARD FEIN

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ash in the twin fires of fascism and communism? Or has the shadow of the mushroom cloud somehow darkened the brilliance of liberal minds, rendering them unable clearly to chart their way?

In just over 200 pages Charles Frankel sets forth with startling clarity the easily muddied set of beliefs and assumptions that have characterized the liberal outlook for two centuries; he examines its current panic; he delves thoroughly into the philosophical structures built by four of its most prominent and respected critics, all men widely referred to as "liberals."

MR. FRANKEL chose his four critics of liberalism well. Among them they cover every current criticism of the liberal outlook, especially those that come from within. One can hardly give the reader a better idea of the scope of Frankel's attempt than by quoting him again:

> Each of these men attacks the liberal interpretation of history at one of its key points. Professor [Jacques] Maritain condemns it for its espousal of an experimental attitude in morals; Mr. [Reinhold] Niebuhr rejects its faith in human perfectibility; [Karl] Mannheim denies its belief in the objectivity of human reason; Mr. Arnold Toynbee holds that the entire modern era, with its attempt to build a civilization on secular and humanistic grounds, has broken the fundamental laws of history, and has been guilty of the sin of pride . . . In examining these philosophies we are subjecting to a full-dress reappraisal the fundamental ideas with which liberal men entered on their present trials.

Of the main body of Frankel's work, one thing must be said: the ancient foundation-ideas of liberalism, apparently crumbling today under severe battering, emerge as vital as air and as fresh as tomorrow. That dedicated group of concepts—that the lot of men can and should be improved; that the material well-being of individuals in a society is a valid goal; that a secular and humanistic approach to social problems is not only sufficient but desirable; that parlimentary institutions and civil liberties are the surest routes to a better world; that no man need be dependent on a social group, whether church or guild or union or state, for his well-being; that "progress" is a meaningful process and a valid touchstone; that it is the job of liberals to watch for and correct imbalances of power; that the actions of government are subject to review, with the well-being of men as the standard; and, above all, that the methods of science are in fact applicable to the study of social phenomena—all these emerge from Frankel's book, not merely restored to respectability but endowed with a new vigor.

So much for the "coherent framework"; what then of the "exciting vision?" What lies ahead for liberals?

> The overhanging problem for contemporary liberals—a problem which challenges their courage and intelligence and, most of all, their imaginations—is [the] drift of decision-making authority into key positions that are anonymous, the development of an institutional structure that denies the individual genuine options, and the increasing inadequacy of our inherited mechanisms of public discussion and consent to control this situation. It is a problem to which none of the old models apply.

This is, of course, only the barest bone of Mr. Frankel's final chapter; he provides both amplification and specific suggestion. But, having restored the foundations of liberalism, Mr. Frankel provides enough challenge in the single paragraph above to direct the lives of liberals in any calling. Taken with the context from which I have torn it, it defines and clarifies the duties and urgencies facing teachers and politicians, philosophers and precinct workers.

Critics will find imperfections. For one thing, Mr. Frankel shows a grasp of semantic principles good enough to discover that a large part of the philosophy of Maritain depends on "an equivocation in the meanings of terms like 'doubt' and 'uncertainty,'" or to point out that criticism of Concorcet has generally overlooked "an important distinction between two meanings of the term 'limit.'" Yet throughout the book Mr. Frankel shuffles a number of possible uses of several words, the most notable of which is "truth." The charitable reader can, I think, gain from context a pretty good idea of what Mr. Frankel means each time; but so devastating an attack as his is certain to meet uncharitable critics.

Two Views of Suez

A HUNDRED HOURS TO SUEZ. By Robert Henriques. The Viking Press. 206 pp. $3.

THE SUEZ WAR. By Paul Johnson. Greenberg. 145 pp. $2.50.

Dan Wakefield

IT IS sometimes hard to remember that these two small volumes are about the same small war. In the first place, Mr. Henriques' report, *A Hundred Hours to Suez*, is a narrative focussed on Israel's participation in the war, while Mr. Johnson's report, *The Suez War*, is concentrated on the part played by England and France. In the second place, the two authors come to persuasive conclusions that are precisely opposite on the question of "collusion" between Israel and her Western allies. Mr. Henriques says no. Mr. Johnson says yes.

> It is obvious [Mr. Henriques writes] that many people are interested in . . . whether or not there was "collusion" among the British, French, and Israeli governments. A few whispered words between three statesmen would, I suppose, have constituted "collusion." Personally I am convinced that the whispering did not in fact take place. But I cannot prove it.

Mr. Johnson has this to say:

> Pineau encouraged the Israelis in this intention [a limited raid into Egypt]; indeed, he pressed them to go farther, and to destroy the major Egyptian military bases in Sinai and in the Gaza Strip . . . On about October 10, a secret military agreement was drawn up in Paris between M. Abel Thomas, on behalf of the French government, and a Mr. Perés, on behalf of Israel . . . There seems little doubt that Franco-Israeli cable and wireless exchanges, which are now in the possession of the American government, indicate that Eden and Lloyd knew the principal outlines of the conspiracy . . . French-manned Mystere fighter-bombers both assisted the Israeli ground forces in Sinai and provided a protective air cover over Tel Aviv and other Israeli cities. Interviews with these French pilots have revealed that they arrived in Israel a week before October 30, the day of the attack.

But Mr. Henriques and Mr. Johnson are in complete agreement on one matter—that the participation of England and France in the Suez war was a bad

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thing. Mr. Henriques tells why it was a bad thing from Israel's point of view: because it "prevented Israel from establishing herself on the Suez Canal" and "It saved (as will be shown) about one-third of the Egyptian Army from destruction or disintegration." Mr. Johnson tells why it was a bad thing from the point of view of England and France, stating the losses in money, prestige, and world-respect he feels that the Western allies suffered because of the venture. He predicts that "we shall be reaping the evil harvest for years to come."

Both Mr. Henriques and Mr. Johnson have written passionate and lively books. Mr. Henriques, a Jew who had never found much identification with the Zionist cause, is suddenly caught up in the whole adventure of Israel, and his book is an admiring description of the spirit and capability of Israel and her army in the lightning Sinai victory. As a former military man, he has written knowledgeably about the technique of the campaign, and as a novelist, he has brought it to life with quick sketches of the Israeli officers and anecdotes of the war. He documents the arguments for Israel's entry into the war, and ends his book with the conviction that "Israel went to war only in order to secure peace; Israel wants only peace."

Mr. Johnson is not so much concerned with what Israel wants or has got, as with what France and England have lost. His is the passion of a civilized man in a civilization that is suddenly weakening. He feels that perhaps its last power is the power of morality and that to lose morality is the final disaster. Much has been lost, and he can now but cry out, in his own book's final words, that "Our leaders are guilty men. So long as they go unpunished, all of us are accessories after the fact."

It would be fascinating now to read an account of the Suez war from the Egyptian point of view; and thus introduce for the American reader another of the principal passions of our time, along with these two so well presented by Mr. Henriques and Mr. Johnson.

Homecoming to Die

THE CROSSING. By Jean Reverzy. Pantheon Books. 255 pp. $3.50.

Katherine Hoskins

A DEATH is the subject of this book; a death treated as any should welcome who have watched and speculated by the dying.

A middle-middle-class boy, one Palabaud, is taken to a summer resort. There, over the frolicking bodies of his fellowmen, he sees the rim of the sea. It is the single illumination of his life and it lasts him through. "Men—the sea," the phrase takes him to Oceania and the ownership of a hotel whence, as he wipes down the bar, he can look over the heads of his customers to that same horizon. The phrase supports him when he returns to die in his native land-bound Lyons.

The author, himself a doctor and far-travelled, has lent his narrator all the skill necessary to present this Palabaud and his associates in the South Seas, in the France both of his boyhood and of his mature return. Presenting himself as one who has also loved the sea and "paleo-Tahiti," he brilliantly evokes the civilization of the islands. But a doctor "is fully aware of the fact that all men are dying," and the framework as well as the subject is death: the Maoris, "an incomparable race," dying of imported vulgarity; the Lyonnais, dying of self-inflicted boredom.

But these general dyings are only a background to the high event of one man making the crossing, the passage. (And here I should like to applaud the jacket designer who, instead of a ship, a Polynesian maiden or the stone terraces of Lyons, has drawn a simple iron grating such as all city dwellers tread countless times, unnoticing.) Dr. Reverzy has returned dignity to the second great fact of our existence. He reminds us that, though we may speak of "mass deaths," death comes—and somewhat more surely than Santa Claus—singly to each; that its reception must be prepared for by each man alone.

> Then [after Palabaud's "anguish and loneliness" on hearing his death sentence] peace of mind had returned: he neither accepted nor denied the inevitable: at that moment, in fact, he had joined the company of the dying. For dying may last a second or it may last several years: it begins the moment a man believes that he may die.

The book would be a mere, if distinguished, exercise in realism did it not stop every now and then to blossom into a wonderful little essay. Often of not more than a dozen lines, these yet suggest the gentle and persistent probings of Proustian antennae. There are essays on the Maoris, clothes dummies in store windows, provincial nightclubs, odors of sanctity and, of course, on the subject in hand. They provide a poetic and intellectual ambience for the "ordinary" ill-educated, inarticulate protagonist. And they are the reason that, despite all differences, this poor Palabaud reminds us of Prince André.

> For, when a man arrives within a short distance of his own end, he takes no pleasure in solitude; he may avoid the company of the quick, but only to discover, among the dead whom he conjures out of his memories, new posthumous friendships whose depths he has failed to understand. And, reunited with these companions of the past, now better understood, closer to him than formerly, he receives encouragement in his last steps to the perilous frontier of life. He hears them call to

KATHERINE HOSKINS has recently received a grant from Brandeis University for her new volume of poetry, Villa Narcisse.

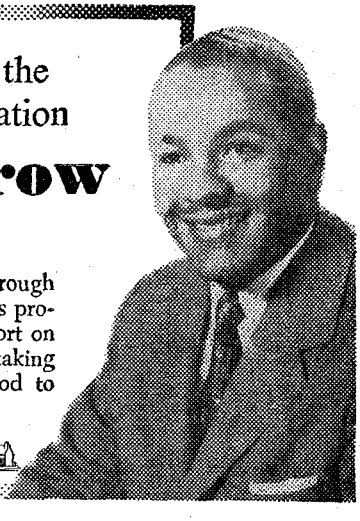
How the "go-slow" policy of the moderates is crippling desegregation

Go South to Sorrow

BY CARL T. ROWAN

Carl Rowan, a Negro journalist, journeyed through the South to see for himself how desegregation is progressing. This book is his fighting, shocking report on how a new, vicious white-supremacy group is taking advantage of the moderates' "cooling-off" period to nullify the Supreme Court decision.

$3.50, now at your bookstore ***RANDOM HOUSE***



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him and what they seem to say is, "Don't be afraid. Come with us..."

It is not, I fear, saying a great deal to say that this is the best novel that I have read in years. It is that. What distinguishes it, among "best novels" even, is the compassion that informs it, a rare and recent light for a twentieth century writer to work by. And I think that it is not a purely personal valuation I give it for pushing back a little the frontier of death (or onward the frontier of life), the barriers of which we have so often decorated, the terrain so little explored. And yet it is, after all, as Dr. Reverzy instructs us, a territory held in common.

Dream To Be Good

THE ASSISTANT. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 246 pp. $3.50.

Herbert Gold

BERNARD MALAMUD'S short stories and his first novel, *The Natural,* have earned him a reputation as a unique voice among contemporary American writers. Now, in *The Assistant,* he has shaped his special dream-note of pity into an intense and beautiful utterance.

A soul-stricken Italian "holdupnik" attaches himself to an immigrant family, the Bobers, poor Jews being crushed under their moribund grocery store. He falls in love with Helen, the daughter. (We feel both how beautiful she is to the passionate seeker, Frank Alpine, and what she must be in real life with her small white breasts and her slightly bowed legs. Malamud does not give us any idle dreams; the dream is heartbreakingly sharp.) He wants to love Helen; he finds himself peeping on her and worse. He wants to help Morris in the store; he steals from the register. He wants to be happy and good; he is sad and crooked. And maybe he has a chance at last to belong to the human race in the way that he dreams for himself.

The major action works itself out against the struggles of a family to stay afloat by means of that anachronism, the neighborhood store: the dreaming old-country father, unfit for business; the frazzled hopeless mother; the sour and resenting customers and competitors. There is the loneliness of the girl whose chances are not up to her imagination. There is Ward Minogue, the neighborhood badboy, poison to his father and poison to himself, rendered in a few absolutely accurate scenes.

The mountainous desire of Frank Alpine to live up to Helen's command toward "discipline" engenders a unified action served by Malamud's perfect observation and subtly colored colloquial narrative style. His unrelenting pity for straining souls reminds us of Dostoevsky—if we can imagine Dostoevsky tempered by Chagall's lyric nostalgia for a lost Jewish past. Chagall too makes extensive formal use of dreams. Sophisticated readers may hear echoes of Saul Bellow's *The Victim* (goy preys on Jew) and of Joyce's *Ulysses* (lonely wanderer looks for father); but peace to derivations! This novel is an original and personal invention. As we read it, we think: It happened to me, it is happening! *The Assistant* is not a skillful construction; it is life both rendered and controlled.

The Assistant is almost perfect as far as it goes. In his work to come, it will be important for Malamud to take some chances on the wit and the love of life which he gives us so far in a minor key. This book and his stories are lyric marvels, and they make us want more—the headlong architectural daring of a great novelist. Having done so much already, Bernard Malamud can now cut loose.

HERBERT GOLD is the author of The Man Who Was Not With It.

The Orator

The strong white hand, the voice
That comes alive in crowds,
That glows and promises everything,
It will not let you sit
And be lonely like yourself and proud,
It wants to make you bow.

Or like an instrument would use you,
So how should you beware?
Beauty of voice and hand are hard
Not to succumb to;
He will take it ill if you covert stare,
But if your ears drink that abundance in

He will take it well and thank your trust.
Risks are made to take, and if you must
Risk fully, since words half-hearted hatch
A double question; let eyes devour the hand,
And when the voice flames out, ignite,
Leap to the fiery tongue, at one
With the vast and legendary crowd.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOT SO LONG AGO I went to see a play which is tremendously popular. After two acts I felt that I had tolerated enough of this entertainment. As I approached the coat room to get my things a stranger, all aghast, asked, "You're not leaving, are you?" "I've got to catch a train," I hastened to reply.

As a good American, one dislikes not enjoying a play which seems to entertain everybody else. Besides, why spoil someone else's fun? But a critic is supposed to consider all the fare that is offered. This is true only if one views criticism as a kind of penance. Certainly there are men who seem to revel in demolishing trifles. It is a sort of adolescent sadism.

To attack a play, I often think, is to acknowledge that it has some stature, since one has been sufficiently aroused to weigh and condemn it. But a good many plays fail to provoke any desire for such effort. I might go farther and add that there are certain clearly meritorious plays that a critic ought to abstain from criticizing at all. Such restraint should be exercised when the critic senses that he has no natural appetite for or real relation to the material the play deals with or to the point of view it embodies. For he will remain indifferent to such plays even when he surmises that they are good.

Shaw didn't "get" *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Max Beerbohm wrote like a fool about Gorky's *Lower Depths.* Wolcott Gibbs is absurd on Chekhov. None of this necessarily betrays a lack

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of judgment, only a congenital failure of sympathy with certain modes of experience. Racine is a sealed book to most American critics, as a good deal of Paul Claudel's work is alien to me. When a critic finds himself in such a position, what he writes is usually valueless.

On the other hand, I might say that while I respect and admire and to a degree have a feeling for T. S. Eliot's plays I do not like them. Yet when I "knocked" them I realized that I was still more keenly absorbed by them than I am by a great many quite pleasant plays which I might as well not discuss at all. If I were to write more bluntly than is critically permissible I might say about the first category of play, "These plays make me a little sore—but go see them": about the second, "These plays are, I suppose, very nice, I can't see why anyone should care."

In either case the critic must make clear from what angle he is viewing a particular play, what criteria he has in mind on each separate occasion. I once told a drama critic who complained of the success of a play we both thought cheap that the success of such plays hardly troubled me, while the frequent neglect of certain faulty plays which possessed the dignity of some creative impulse and accomplishment made me boil.

All this is by way of confessing why—apart from my duties elsewhere—I have recently overlooked certain plays in this column, why I have been reluctant to discuss them or in some cases even to see them.

The Tunnel of Love (Royale), for example, is a very successful biological farce of a kind that embarrasses me, although I was obliquely amused by its *Reader's Digest* culture: for while the play might be described as being about a seven year itch to have a baby, it abounds in references to Kafka, Margaret Mead, Thoreau, the *id*, Dylan Thomas, etc. It is obvious that in this instance I had to disqualify myself as a critic.

The case of *Brigadoon* (Adelphi) is different. I know it is a good show—there are several catchy tunes in it, it has twice been a success and many reputable judges have declared that it ranks high among American musicals. Yet now, as at the time of its original production, it made very little impression on me. I cannot for the life of me explain why this should be so except to say rather irrelevantly that I find it too "clean."

I delayed taking notice of *The Duchess of Malfi*—which is not at all clean—till it had closed. I favor the policy of the Phoenix Theatre which produces plays (at reasonable prices) that are good but not likely to be seen often in the theatres uptown.

Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* is a man-sized play with great writing, but as done at the Phoenix it seemed pointless—a pretentious polysyllabic horror story: I didn't care how many people died or were tortured in it. The text was cut so that the play's perspective and justification vanished and it was directed and acted (by a company capable of much more) in a nondescript style that might be called unresolved Old Vic—as if the players wanted desperately to escape Broadway but didn't know where to go.

So I didn't write my review, hoping that some of my readers would visit the Phoenix anyway for the sake of the play's renown and the worthiness of the enterprise. It is all very well to say that a critic should not concern himself with the commercial consequences of his notices; I for one prefer to encourage theatregoing.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS, Brazil's richest lode of contemporary music, has reached his seventieth birthday. But, watching his big, square-cut figure directing the New York Philharmonic recently, one could only marvel at his youthful demeanor and the generousness of his gift.

A total evaluation of this composer's work would involve the study of more than 1,500 scores, for he has been one of the most prolific artists of our time. Not even Darius Milhaud and Paul Hindemith, renowned for their compositional facility, approach this total. But, as is often the case with extraordinary fluency, the quality of Villa-Lobos' inspiration fluctuates. He has achieved the miracle of a new Western-Hemisphere idiom based in, yet transcending, the French tradition. In the sampling provided by the recent concert, however, one found that musical effectiveness ranged from that of a probable masterpiece to an aesthetic failure.

The probable masterpiece was *Mandu-Carara,* and I can think of no North American composer who could have assembled such an orgy of orchestral color and rhythm. To conceive of it, he would have to sense (perhaps believe in) the animism of tropical forests, bright-colored birds and monkeys on the limb. He would have to catch the interior energies of native dance rhythms and treat them as his own, not as something imported or urbanized. Most important of all, he would need a streak of inherent sensuousness which we in the North seem to lack.

Villa-Lobos calls his *Mandu-Carara* a Cantata "Profana," and that is precisely its genre. Basing itself on Brazilian legends, it tells a story of witches, gnomes, monkeys and a mysterious, god-like young creature, more or less an embodiment of the Spirit of Dance, from whom the work derives its title.

Two choruses are employed, one mixed, and one consisting of girls' voices. In this performance, Hugh Ross's Schola Cantorum provided one group and the girls from the High School of Music and Art the other. They sang brightly, all of them, and their semi-antiphonal blocks of sound alternately merged with and opposed the fulminating colors of the orchestra with absolute certainty and bite. It would be hard to exaggerate the primeval excitement engendered when, against the large orchestra and the luxuriant, flowing lines of the Schola Cantorum, the girls' voices chirped out an insistent Brazilian rhythm.

IT WOULD similarly be hard to exaggerate the prolixity and structural looseness of the composer's *Chôros No. 6.* If any relationship existed between the myriad sections of fiesta music, bathos and vaguely sweet feelings, it remained the author's secret. Theoretically, the work represents a new kind of compo-

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sition, synthesizing different types of Brazilian and Indian folk music. But the problem of form has not been solved. Apparently a Brazilian rhapsody, like any other, tends to fall apart at the seams.

The *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1* is a familiar piece by now. It makes a very pretty sound, and the orchestration for eight (or twelve) celli is productive of high color and emotional intensity. In quality, it stands somewhere between the *Chôros No. 6* and *Mandu-Carara,* for its first two movements, while sentimental, are stylistically original and honestly touching. The third is a fiasco. Happily (or sagely) it was omitted from the program. One wishes that the two non-Villa-Lobos works of the evening, Schmitt's *Salammbô Suite No. 2 and* Guarnieri's *Abertura Concertante,* had also been left in the wings. The one was amorphous and emptily atmospheric; the other was simply dull.

SOME DAYS AFTER Villa-Lobos descended from the Carnegie Hall podium, conductor Paul Paray ascended. Witold Malcuzynski was soloist that evening in the Chopin Second Piano Concerto. He played with refinement of sentiment and tone, if not with any unusual force. But my thoughts were mostly occupied with Mr. Paray, the general contours of his program, and the interpretations he accorded the music.

First on the list was the New York premiere of a piece by Bernhard Heiden called *"Euphorion," Scene for Orchestra,* a standard, bland effort in the dilute-Hindemith tradition. The remainder of the evening consisted of Roussel's *The Spider's Feast*; the Prelude and Love Death from Wagner's *Tristan*; and his Ride of the Valkyries.

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The plan was all too clear. After a mild obeisance to contemporary music, we were to be lulled by various Romantic manifestations, electrified by the *Tristan* music, and catapulted out of the hall by the Valkyries. Unfortunately, the *Tristan* music fizzled in performance, and the evening's passive tone continued. As I left the building, sleepy but unpropelled by Valkyries, it occurred to me that perhaps the clock had really been turned back to the era of mauve and velour. This was no longer fit fare for a Thursday night Philharmonic audience.

SIX SONATAS by the 18th Century composer, Luigi Cherubini, have been given meticulous recorded readings by pianist Vera Franceschi. They are pleasant (although slightly academic) and their recorded sound is good *(Westminster XWN 18276).*

The Russian pianists, Lev Oborin and Emil Gilels present virtuoso performances of the Khachaturian Concerto and the Concerto No. 3 by Kabalevsky. Textures and balances of the state Radio Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. are clear and presumably accurate, since the composers wielded the batons. Musically, however, the concerti are thin *(Westminster XWN 18356).*

By contrast, the organ works of Dietrich Buxtehude and Georg Böhm provide elevated pleasure at every turning. Luther Noss, Dean of the Yale School of Music, has interpreted the two vastly different Baroque masters with comprehension and serene joy. His instrument, Yale's Battell Chapel Organ, is bright in tone and has been beautifully captured on this disc *(Overtone 12).*

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

April 21 through 25

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 21

LA TRAVIATA (NBC). Production by NBC Opera Company with Elaine Malbin, John Alexander and Igor Gorin. English libretto by Joseph Machlis, whose translations of *La Boheme* and *War and Peace* were performed earlier this season.

EASTER SUNDAY. Services from Washington's National Cathedral (CBS) and Pontifical High Mass from St. Monica's Basilica, Cincinnati (NBC).

LIGHT FROM LIGHT (CBS; Light Unto My Feet). Modern Greek miracle play, the first to be written in some centuries, concerns the conversion of an unbeliever. Nicholas Andromedas has retained the classic chorus and form of Attic theatre.

ARCHEOLOGY IN THE HOLY LAND (ABC; Johns Hopkins File 7). Dr. William Albright, professor of Semitic languages, will discuss the Dead Sea Scrolls and their bearing on the New Testament, based on his recent trip to the Middle East.

TOP HAT (NBC). One of the classic film musicals. With Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

BITTER CHOICE (CBS; General Electric Theatre). Anne Baxter plays a nurse who treats apathy by making her patients angry. From a story by Arthur Gordon.

Tuesday, April 23

A MAN'S GAME (NBC; Kaiser Aluminum Hour). Nanette Fabray in a musical comedy concerning a female baseball pitcher. Music and lyrics by Jack and Madeline Segal.

Wednesday, April 24

OUR FRIEND THE ATOM (ABC; Disneyland). Rerun of a superior popular science "spectacular."

Thursday, April 25

RABBI ON WHEELS (ABC; Telephone Hour). Yarn about bicycle-riding Rabbi Cohen, whose efforts to help an immigrant get American citizenship attract national attention.

FOUR WOMEN IN BLACK (CBS; Playhouse 90). A filmed drama, starring Helen Hayes, based on the experiences of four Catholic nuns who crossed the American desert in 1870 to found a hospital. Written, produced and directed by Bernard Girard. A.W.L.

Disguises

Always we have believed
We can change overnight,
Put a different look on the face,
Old passions out of sight:
And find new days relieved
Of all that we regretted
But something always stays
And will not be outwitted.

Say we put on dark glasses,
Wear different clothes and walk
With a new unpracticed stride—
Always somebody passes
Undeceived by disguises
Or the different way we talk.
And we who could have defied
Anything if it was strange
Have nowhere we can hide
From those who refuse to change.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

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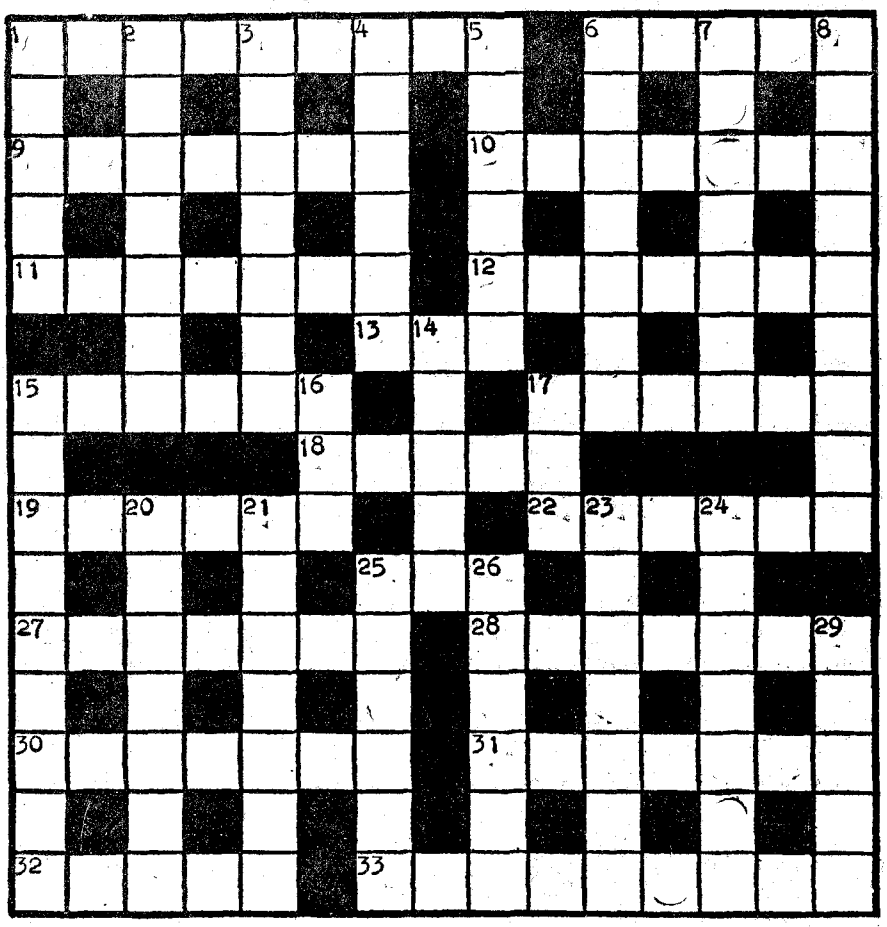
Crossword Puzzle No. 720

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 To such a comment on Arthur's height, one might differently reply "vita brevis." (3, 2, 4)
6 See 25 Across
9 See 9 down
10 Sent astray, and about to strike catches. (7)
11 and 18 Spares are usually available here. (7, 5)
12 With bands, it tears into it. (7)
13 By the sound of it, you should be an animal. (3)
15 In his own environment, people are likely to be mad about him. (6)
17 Hold out. (6)
18 See 11 across
19 Concerning the history of food? (6)
22 What Bok did for a living. (6)
25 and 6 across Stricken when the animal got sick. (8)
27 Afterwards concerned with real make-up. (7)
28 An electric ray is used quite logically as a signal. (7)
30 It used to be involved in illumination. (7)
31 Listening to a relative who is about to pass on. (7)
32 More than one bird is found in her nest. (5)
33 The way one stands and rocks? (9)

DOWN:

1 A disorderly mob follows the sailor, with possible dire consequences. (1-4)
2 He wants to get out of the Carnival, according to Saint-Saens. (3, 4)
3 Vigor. (7)
4 and 20 Not a prehistoric boarding-house, but perhaps essential in later years. (3, 3, 7)
5 Agrees to make some things run more easily. (6)
6 It could curtail the milk supply. (7)
7 Leaves in a body. (7)
8 You must be from someone, but it doesn't necessarily imply a come-down. (9)
14 See 16
15 Moves, perhaps, but not away from the spot at semester's end? (5, 4)
16 and 14 down Pussy-footing might be the way to reach the top at bridge. (8)
17 and 26 Looks over the retinue, which might be quite a headache. (9)
20 See 4 down
21 Proving variety is more than spices. (7)
23 What a mocker does, perhaps. (7)
24 The retort introduces it, besides! (7)
25 Mythological blow-hard? (6)
26 See 17 down
29 and 9 across Where Nelson put his glove might be part of a dilemma. (2, 3, 3, 4)

(See solution to last week's puzzle at right)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 719

ACROSS: 1 and 5 CALL OF THE WILD; 10 ANTIVENIN; 12 PAROLES; 13 TRISTAN; 14 ROUND; 16 IMPEDANCE; 18 NEURALGIA; 20 BREAD; 22 and 11 TRACING PAPER; 24 EXPENSE; 26 VOILE; 27 EVIL-DOING; 28 SANCTUM; 29 ENLIST. DOWN: 2 and 18 down ALTERNATIVES; 3 LEVELED; 4 and 25 FINISHING NAILS; 5 TENET; 6 EMPTIED; 7 IMPOTENCE; 8 DERANGE; 9 PAMPER; 15 ULULATION; 17 PEACE PIPE; 19 ALIMENT; 20 BIPEDAL; 21 DREDGE; 23 GLEAM.

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Where else, for instance could you learn that the Narcotics Act of 1956, which imposes the heaviest penalties in our legal history for those entangled in the dope trade, actually *encourages* the use of narcotics (Alfred R. Lindesmith in *The Nation,* March 16)? What other magazine refuses to be stampeded into blind, unreasoning hatred—and fear—of the "sex fiend" and approaches the whole problem of sex crime objectively and with an understanding both of society's needs and those of the "sick" criminal (Ralph Brancale and F. Lovell Bixby in *The Nation,* April 6)? What other periodical is so much on top of the news that you find in it a story like "NATO's Vanishing Armies"—(Paul Johnson in *The Nation,* April 13)—written *a week before* Britain announced the withdrawals of much of its armed forces from Western Europe—and at a time when Washington was stubbornly insisting that NATO was "as strong as ever"?

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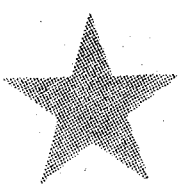

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